A

FULL and TRUE ACCOUNT

Of a CURIOUS

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

One Mr. D'ANVERS, and one Mr. CUT,
A Great Tobacco-Merchant;

And one Mr. DASH, a Rich Vintner:

Which happened on *Sunday* Night, at the Sign of the *Swan in Hoop* in *Cornhill.*

With REMARKS thereupon, by a Fair TRADER.

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A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

One Mr. D'ANVERS, *and one Mr.* CUTT, *&c.*

To the Tune of *When you cenſure the Age.*

HAVE you heard the Report,
Quoth *D'Anvers*, at Court,
Of Exciſing *Tobacco* and *Wine* ?
The Cuſtoms, they ſay,
On *Tobacco*, few pay,
Who by *Drawbacks* or *Oaths* can decline.

The *Vintners* too,
Are ſo cuſtom'd to brew,
That for each Ton of Wine we import,
They retail five or ſix,
Which they wickedly mix,
Yet ſwear, it is neat of the Sort.

Quoth

Quoth *Cutt*, what I hear,
Inclines me to fear,
We're by a falſe Brother betray'd;
And our Tricks, and our Slights,
And Allowance of Weights,
And our *gainful Commiſſions* diſplay'd.

Should Enquiry go on,
I muſt needs be undone,
Or 'bate of my former Expences;
Put down Coach and Six,
And to Compting-Houſe fix,
Or turn off, at leaſt, half my Wenches.

While the *Cuſtoms* keep on,
We gain *four* for *one*,
Of what we ſhall do by *Exciſe*;
Tho' as honeſt as Day,
For the Planters now pay
Commiſſions on all that ariſe.

There is *Six-Pence* one third,
On each Pound, take my Word,
Which we charge the *poor Planter* as paid;
Tho' excepting *one Penny*,
We never pay any,
But for what is conſum'd in *Home-Trade*.

Not

Not more to enlarge,
We gain by *our Charge*,
On each Hogſhead the Sum of *two Pound*;
While the *Planter*, I own,
Has been glad to get *One*,
Which would ſcarce pay *for Tilling the Ground.*

Then we've learnt ſuch a Knack,
* In the Caſe of *Drawback*,
For *each Pound of Tobacco exported*,
That the Cuſtoms *for two*,
We draw back as *our Due*,
By which we are bravely ſupported.

Quoth *Daſh*, Maſter *Cutt*,
Since your Caſe you have put,
I now will beg leave to ſtate mine;
Should they once come to know,
What in *Cellars* we do,
And *Exciſe* all we mix up for Wine;

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* At the loweſt Computation, the Duties upon Tobacco annually imported amount to Eight Hundred Thouſand Pound. It is not computed by any one acquainted with that Trade, that in Fact there is exported from *Great-Britain*, into all Foreign Ports, near one Half of the Whole. But, admitting that a Half were ſent abroad; in that Caſe, there ſhould remain Four Hundred Thouſand Pounds *per Annum* to the Revenue. But the Truth is, the whole Duties remaining to the Crown, after Drawbacks have been allowed, never amounted to above One Hundred and Sixty Thouſand Pounds. Whence it is plain, *the Publick* muſt have been cheated of Two Hundred and Forty Thouſand Pounds *per Ann.* by *Drawbacks* only.

Of Vintners ſcarce ten,
Could live like Gentlemen.
Or hang out *rich Signs* at their Doors;
Unleſs they ſhould retrench
Their gayeſt Expence,
And turn off their *Horſes* and *Whores*

By this, Sir, you ſee,
How ſure you're of me,
Whenever you rail at Exciſe;
* And *our Tribe* to a Man,
Will oppoſe't all they can,
By ſuch *Tricks* as they can deviſe.

So from what we diſcloſe,
You may judge we'll oppoſe,
Such a Scheme all the Ways we are able;
And be loud in our Cries,
'Gainſt a *General Exciſe*,
Which won't fail to rouze up all the Rabble.

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* It is ſaid, the Dealers in Wine have combined to contribute Six-Pence *per* Ton on all Wines imported, to oppoſe their being exciſed.

Then the Tongues of our Wives,
Tho' the Plague of our Lives,
In ſuch a Cauſe ne'er will be ſtill;
When they ſhall be told,
Their Allowance in Gold,
Muſt be leſs for *Picquet* and *Quadrille*.

E'en our Girls, and our Boys,
Will join in the Noiſe,
And lament the Deſtruction of Trade;
Should their Mamma's but ſay,
They muſt miſs a new Play,
New *Opera*, or next *Maſquerade*.

Such Numbers agreed,
You may chance to ſucceed,
Quoth *D'Anvers*, tho' Truth you renounce:
For the Mob heretofore,
Were as loud in their Roar,
For their *Dowdy High-Church* and her * *Dunce*.

But to ſhew ſome Pretence,
To both Reaſon and Senſe,
Each Week the *ſole Thing* I will drive at,
Shall be to maintain
That *the Publick* muſt gain
The more by being cheated *in private*.

* Dr. SACHEVERELL.

Yet

Yet I own, if *this Scheme*,
Had been ſlighted by them,
Whom *P—y* oppoſes in ſpight:
Without Trouble or Pain,
I had made it out plain,
That *Exciſe* was both *equal* and *right*.

I've a *Treatiſe* in hand,
Shews our *Tax upon Land*
The *unjuſteſt* that ever was laid:
" But that muſt not ſee Day,
" Till we're got *into Play*,
" Which may be when the *Miniſter's* dead.

Then the Lord *B—ke*,
Who both Sides ſo oft took,
That he ſurely muſt know which is beſt,
Will chuſe * *P——y Primier*,
In the Treaſury Affair,
And let *A——y* job all the reſt.

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* It hath been ſtrongly controverted, that for *P——y* we ſhould read *A——y*, and that in the laſt Line for *A——y*, we ſhould read *P——y*; but as they are both known not to value Money, chuſe which you will, and place them as you pleaſe.

F I N I S.